

THE PANAMA CANAL.

XIX. OLD FRENCH DAYS.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.

Ancon, Canal Zone, July 14.—From Canal to Panama one may still see a thousand mute but eloquent reminders of the French efforts to duplicate here their triumph at Suez. Here a half-mile string of engines and cars, there a long row of steam cranes, at this place a vast park of non-descript machinery, and at that a big dredge left high and dry on the banks of the mighty Chagres at its flood stage. All of these are redolent with memories of buried hopes and defeated ambitions. Exposed to the ravages of twenty tropical summers, decay and industry being enacted by the Americans on the isthmus, one might feel himself stalking amid the tombs of ten thousand departed hopes and the burying ground of the savings of a hundred thousand French peasants.

The attempt of the French to build the canal will forever stand out as the grandest fiasco in history. Four hundred million dollars was raised to build the Panama Canal. From the grand palace and the great houses of the French came the stream of gold that was to lay low the barrier that divided the Atlantic and the Pacific. At first they estimated that they could dig a twenty-nine-foot sea-level canal for \$14,000,000, taking seven or eight years to do it. At the end of the eight years they figured that it would cost \$35,000,000 to make it a fifteen-foot lock canal, and that it would take twenty years to build it. But after spending approximately \$20,000,000, they were farther from realizing their fifteen-foot waterway than the Americans are to-day from realizing a forty-foot waterway.

Never was money so recklessly used. It flowed in such quantities that it could be spent even by the French company. When they started, they asked for \$50,000,000. Double that amount was offered. The seeming inexhaustibility of the funds led to extravagance, carelessness, and waste, to profligacy, and profligacy to graft. The \$400,000,000 which was subscribed first and last was all expended in less than ten years. One-third is said to have been wasted, and the remaining third was stolen.

Extravagance ran riot on the isthmus, where they got only one-third of the money. The director, General de Lesseps, the stockholders' expense, built himself a house costing \$100,000. His summer house at La Boca cost \$50,000. He drew \$50,000 a year salary, and \$50 extra for each day he traveled a mile over the line in his sumptuous \$20,000 private car. Stables were built which cost more than a half-million dollars. The hospitals at Ancon and Colon cost \$7,000,000, and other buildings cost over \$5,000,000. Where \$50,000 was needed, a \$100,000 building was erected, and the canal stockholders were charged double that amount for it.

Supplies were bought almost wholly without reference to whether they were needed or not. Ten thousand snow shovels were brought to the isthmus, but only 15,000 torchlights were carried there to be used in the great celebration at the completion of the canal. Steamboats, dredges, launches, and what not were bought and hauled, knocked down, and the money was thrown away. The French were to have the completion of the canal. There is even to-day some machinery left on the isthmus by the French who use no American has yet been able to figure out. Tabernacles here is a machine which every engineer from Wallace to Goethals has examined, but none of them will yet venture a prediction as to what use it was intended to be put. It looks something like a big rock crusher, but it is not.

One of the things which brought about the defeat of the French was the mosquito. Yellow fever and malaria were prevalent. Ample provision was made to take care of the sick, but the money was made to prevent sickness. The work, without the knowledge of the mosquito trip, which has been given to the world since then, it was just about as well that they did not make much effort at sanitation, for their efforts could not have been fruitful. Perhaps never before in the history of the world was there such a high percentage of deaths among a working force of men. And certainly there was never a time when such a large percentage was incapacitated for work.

The great project of digging the canal was "inaugurated" on January 1, 1889. On that date a party of ladies and gentlemen, headed by Count de Lesseps, proceeded from Panama to the mouth of the Rio Grande, at La Boca. Here his little daughter turned the first shovelful of earth marking the beginning of the project where and should be the union of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Ten days later his little daughter turned the first shovelful of earth to explode the first of the thousands of tons of dynamite with which Culebra Mountain was to be laid low.

During the first three years the company devoted most of its efforts to getting ready, although at the end of February, 1893, a half-million cubic meters of dirt had been removed and a working force of 3,000 men had been established. At the very beginning, the laborers struck for higher wages. They had been getting 50 cents silver per day, and wanted \$1.20. They got it, and later another increase to \$1.50 per day.

The isthmians the people still talk in a reminiscent way about the good times under the French. They will tell you that the Americans are doing vastly more work, but are not spending half the money. Where the isthmians were to have a share of it. So plentiful was gold and silver in the old days that even the economical people became spendthrifts. And when the crash finally came it caught everybody by surprise. Thousands of dollars. Jamaican negroes had lived up to the last cent of their earnings, and they found themselves practically destitute. The English government bore the expense of repatriating some 6,000 negroes. The Chilean government made a bid for immigration from the isthmus, offering 40,000 free passages. For months every departing passenger steamer carried from 40 to 60 emigrants of all classes except negroes and Chinese.

The report of the receiver shows that the Old French Colony spent \$150,000,000 on the isthmus, of which they accounted \$30,000,000 as having been expended in engineering and construction. The organization of the new French company, its launching of a new stock issue upon the troubled waters of canal endeavor, and its prosecution of the work only rapidly enough to keep alive their concession rights is familiar history. So also are the negotiations and final purchase by the United States.

With all their profligacy, however, the French left to their American successors a valuable heritage. What they did was done with the utmost thoroughness, and time after time the American engineers, wandering away from the French plans, have been forced to come back to them. The most notable instance of this is the case of the dams at the Pacific end of the canal. The French had planned two, one at Pedro Miguel and the other at Miraflores. When the Americans took charge they planned one at Pedro Miguel and the other at Sosa Hill. When they began to make the dam at Sosa they found that the ground seemed to have no bottom. A trestle for a railroad track would be put in, and the first dirt train

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

The longest way round matrimony is the shortest way to happiness.

Real ardor used to be expressed in passionate love letters and a willingness to die for a woman, but nowadays a man can sum up all he feels in a 5-cent telephone call and a willingness to take her to luncheon.

The reason a man is so often tempted is because most of the time that is what he is sitting around waiting for.

From the stony silence into which the average husband sinks after the honeymoon there must be something almost unspeakable about matrimony.

It may be very noble of a man to have no secrets from the woman he loves, but it's rather hard on all the other women he has gotten over loving.

Time and tide wait for no man, but the untied woman has to wait for any man who chooses to keep her waiting.

In fashionable circles one wife and a dog constitute a "family."

PARIS HOUSECLEANING.

A Ceremony of the Summer Rather Than of Spring.

The good "maitresse de Maison" is now busy turning over in her mind what household articles are to be renovated during the summer holidays, to be written over French correspondence. Maitresses must be combed, blankets cleaned, carpets beaten and every bit of linen mended to perfection. It is, in fact, the moment of the French woman's spring cleaning.

Only with all due respect to my own countrywomen, it is so arranged as to upset the habits and tempers of the whole household, and in some respects it is more thorough than American methods of doing the same thing. Before going for her holiday the mistress of the house sends every cleanable thing to be cleaned and covers over every piece of furniture. Before bringing her family back she either gives orders to a trustworthy servant to have all put in order, or she comes home a day or two earlier to see to the cleaning herself.

The autumn is begun with everything fresh and clean in the house, and the excellent institution of polished oak floors and carpets that can be easily swept under allows the servants to keep everything wholesomely free from dust for another twelve months.

There is, I know, a lack of finished service about the French "bonne," but she is on the whole a better cleaner than the American girl, and though French middle-class homes are less comfortable than English or American ones, I think they are cleaner in the corners; perhaps, because the sunlight disposes dust more clearly on polished floors than it does on patterned carpets, those enemies of domestic hygiene.

RESORT WEAR.

French Linens and Some Inexpensive Dress Schemes.

French linens, in all white, daintily embroidered, are as prettier than anything else for the really hot days by the sea. But these luxuries are not to be lightly embarked on, for there is an amount of hand-stitching and embroidery that naturally spells expense.

Many do not avail themselves of the opportunity they have of going away for their holiday, under the belief that they are not dressed smartly enough. It is difficult to have all we want in the way of dress for some resorts, as the smartest dresses are required, but at many of the watering places though, we see many beautiful clothes, we can still be nicely dressed at smaller cost, especially if we keep to the simple styles and pretty colors or white.

There is an air of gaiety about everything, even our reach the average resort. For long months we have been wearing flower-trimmed hats, but which are out of the question for summer town. Yet these attractive summer things are not at all expensive if made at home.

LOVELY DANCING FROCKS.

Beautiful Colors and Rich Embroideries All Figure.

The evening dresses of this season make the ballrooms they adorn a perfect kaleidoscope of color, for it is quite certain that no one dye is in the ascendant at present, and that even the white robes of the debutantes fall to produce a predominant realization of blanchité in the ballroom.

One very beautiful dress seen at a smart hotel was made of amber net, embroidered heavily, and which was of the richest shade of a sun-kissed apricot, also embroidered.

Of the most splendid purple shade, suggestive of the famous dye of ancient Tyre, was the toilette worn by a reigning belle the other evening. The smartest of the classical manner with a tunic bordered with gold leaf and thread in the laurel pattern.

Women and the Vote.

From Woman's Life.

"France is a woman's country," says a writer in *Votes for Women*. The Frenchman is devoted to the cult of woman. He adores in femme, and he is more than nine-tenths convinced that she is the better half of humanity. In his home life, as in his business—he that what it may be—consults his wife upon every detail, and the Frenchman's most intimate counselor and friend is always his wife, mother, or sister.

French women have, therefore, chosen the right means of gaining their ends in their own country. To be feminist they must first be feminine.

A Tomato Sauce.

For a tomato sauce such as the chef in one of the best hotels makes, melt two tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan, add half a cup of onion cut fine. When the onion is yellow, add two tablespoonsful of flour and cook until it is delicately browned. Then turn in two cupsful of tomatoes, a small glass of wine, a bit of bay leaf, two or three cloves, a bit of a garlic clove, salt and paprika. Cook ten minutes, strain, and serve with baked fish.

Fried Squash.

Not every housekeeper knows that summer squash is delicious fried as well as boiled. The vegetable should be very tender. Cut it into slices about half an inch thick, roll the pieces in flour which has been salted and peppered and fry them in butter or bacon fat.

Sartorial Insanity.

One of the freaks of smart dressmakers is the combining of materials that have seldom been seen together. A handsome tailor-made, for which a goodly price was paid, has a skirt of khaki-colored voile and a cutaway coat of linen in the same shade.

LAW OF THE WOODS.

By SPENCER C. GUNN.

"Don't be a fool, Jeannette!"

Timidly leaning away from the slapping spray, she would have upset the skiff had she not acted quickly.

But for his shouting and his angry look Jeannette would have rejected as impossible the meaning which his words conveyed. Their harshness surprised her into angry tears. There was an ominous silence.

"How dare you—"

But another wave drenching her shoulders, caused her literally to swallow what else she would have said.

Bob smiled impatiently as he dug his oars into one of his round, green fies.

"I can't get down on my knees just now, Jeannette," he observed, "and if I could, it wouldn't be to propitiate you."

The girl's face blazed with a fire which the waters of Long Lake had not cooled.

They were still a good mile from the shore. Duck Rock intervened, without, however, offering a refuge from the storm. The flag on the boat-house dipped and twisted like a handkerchief signaling distress. The black clouds whitened the foam. The lake was a darkened stage ready for some tragic deed.

"What a poor you are, after all!" she volunteered as she coolly unplanned her yachting cap and stooped to bail the water at her feet.

"Um!" reflected Bob, as he turned the boat into the teeth of the wind. "Can't you think of a more modern epithet? The Waverley novels were written some few years ago."

"Yes, indeed, I can think of several," was the significant reply.

"Um!" Bob commented, at the same time bringing the skiff away from the treacherous trough.

A fresh squall now struck them. It was accompanied by a heavy shower which, like a translucent mist, all but hid the shore. The boat, swift as an arrow in smooth water and as fragile in a sea, was tossed like a leaf in an autumn gale. To keep it true, to say nothing of making headway, was a herculean task with which Bob struggled manfully.

Jeannette seized his large felt hat the better to reduce the water now ankle-deep about her.

"What a temper you've got!" Bob resumed. "I'm so glad to find it out—going down her face and her pretty dress glued to her body. Jeannette continued to bail the intake, her arms moving with increased vigor at Bob's persistent abuse."

"You're a coward!" she hurled the words at him against the gale. "Is that modern enough for you? Can't you see that I'm tired enough to drop?"

Bob chuckled softly as he strove to keep the boat on an even keel.

"That's the way with all girls," he said cruelly. "Just as soon as they see dramatic possibilities in a situation they faint or fainter the effect. When you fall, please keep to the center of the boat as much as possible."

"Fool!" muttered the girl. Suddenly the skiff stopped, swayed, and threatened to capsize. With the next big wave, however, and a mighty tug at the oars, she escaped over the crest without apparent injury. Bob had narrowly escaped its submerged rings.

"Wasn't that fine?" he asked provokingly. "I just enjoy rowing over rocks. It's easy if you know how."

"Fool!" repeated Jeannette. "Um!" acknowledged Bob as he glanced quickly over his shoulder to gauge the distance to the shore. Not more than half a mile remained, but as the wind had been from the west, his efforts to meet it had doubled the distance to the landing.

He could now take an oblique course, for a storm had suddenly passed and the sun was sending welcome heat to the dripping vessels in the boat. The boat-house flag floated steadily.

For some minutes they continued their strenuous labor and seemed unable to comprehend the fact of their safety, like dreamers awaking from impending death. Then Jeannette ceased bailing and leaned on her oars, looking at the shore with a look of relief. Bob had narrowly escaped its submerged rings.

On the balcony of the boat-house a black and white group that had been watching the outcome of the fight between the blue skiff and the shore were several skiffs, each manned by a guide. They too, had been on watch, ready to respond to the first sign of distress. There was still a heavy sea, but as the wind had been offshore, the water became smoother. It was "Big Tim" who first hailed them. At Jeannette's request, he accompanied them to the shore.

They landed on the sandy beach near her father's cottage. Jeannette wished to avoid, for the present, the well-meant congratulations of her friends. She knew that the rain would make her hair thick. Bob was ignored entirely and walked silently and smilingly away.

"Yeh don't look very glad, Miss Jeannette," ventured Tim, as they hastened along toward the cottage. With Tim no restraint was required.

"Bob was beastly," she answered with renewed anger.

"How do you pursue the guide, gently. Why, Tim, he was cross and even ugly when at first I was frightened. Surely, if we were to die, we might have died friends. I shall never speak to him again."

Jeannette briskly climbed the cottage steps as she delivered this ultimatum and felt almost fainting under her father's arms. Tim followed the girl into the cottage, his face grave with suppressed concern.

Another simple and pretty fashion was indicated in a pale lilac crepe de chine, made with a tunic and a sash of the same, and falling straight in two broad bands to the feet. Sleeves and gumples of the finest white net were tucked in infinitesimal tucks. The general effect of new gowns is Greek, and not inappropriately they have been likened to the Tanagra draperies to be seen in the Louvre and other European galleries.

Spiders' Prey.

From the Dundee Advertiser.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him, bite he will, and though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak. The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster-measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

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CHURCH SERVICES TO-MORROW
IN WASHINGTON AND ITS VICINITY.

Notices for these columns should reach The Herald office by 9 p. m. Friday.

EPISCOPAL.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 224 E. St., near Washington Circle. Rev. Alfred Harding, D. D., and Rev. Charles H. Holmes, clergy. Holy Communion, 7:30 a. m. Morning service and sermon, 11 a. m. Church evening, 8 p. m.

ST. ANDREW'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL Church, 14th and Congress Sts. N. W. Rev. G. Calvert Carter, M. A., rector; Rev. William M. Pettie, D. D., curate. Sunday service, 7:30 a. m. Holy day school, 9:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Holy Communion on first Sunday of month at the 10:30 a. m. service. Rev. M. Bowyer Stewart in charge during July, 1908.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, Massachusetts Ave. and 12th St. N. W. Rev. J. Henning Neuma, rector. 8 a. m., Holy Communion. 11 a. m., morning prayer, sermon by the rector.

ST. MARK'S, 34 and A Sts. S. E. Rev. Dr. W. L. St. Vrain, Rev. John H. De la, and Rev. P. M. Prescott, clergy. 7:30 and 11 a. m., 8 p. m.

PEOPLE'S OPEN-AIR EVENINGSONG, Cathedral grounds, Mount St. Alban, July 26, at 4 p. m. Special service, 8:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Holy Communion on first Sunday of month at the 10:30 a. m. service. Rev. M. Bowyer Stewart in charge during July, 1908.

THENTY CHURCH, 34 and C Sts. N. W. Rev. Richard P. Williams and Rev. Lionel A. Wye. Services at 7:30, 11 and 8 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

FOUNDRY M. E. CHURCH, 12th and Church Sts. N. W. Rev. Robert M. Moore, D. D., pastor. 7:30 a. m. Sunday service, 11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service free. All welcome.

HANLINE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 9th and P Sts. N. W. Chas. E. Gault, pastor. 7:30 a. m. Sunday service, 11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service free. All welcome.

OPEN-AIR CAMPAIGN: Brief services at the following churches, July 26, 8 a. m. to 12 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. to 10 p. m. Electric cars, 9 and 11 a. m., 1 and 3 p. m. Tents for rent. Good board, \$5 per week.

LUTHERAN.

MEMORIAL Pastor, J. G. Butler. Services with music by the choir, 7:30 a. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. C. E. meeting, 7 p. m. Sunday school, 8:30 a. m.

JACKSON GROVE ASSEMBLY.

CAPT. THOS. H. McKee, pastor. 7:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday service, 11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service free. All welcome.

Rev. Father Bede Oidegger, O. F. M., superior of the Franciscan Monastery, Brookland, will celebrate his silver jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, in his native city, Cincinnati, Ohio, August 13.

With characteristic modesty and simplicity, Father Bede will celebrate his silver jubilee in the presence of many relatives, his mother, now in the eighty-sixth year of her age; two brothers, and their wives and children.

August 15 he will assist at the solemnity of the profession of simple vows by his nephew, a Franciscan novice, in the novitiate at Mount Airy, near Cincinnati.

The many friends of Father John B. Tabb will all admire the post-prayer because of his beautiful writings, will be pained to learn that the gifted author has recently experienced one of the keenest afflictions that man can endure—the loss of sight.

Father Tabb, who of late had suffered much from an incurable eye trouble, became totally blind the day the seminarians left St. Mary's Seminary for their summer outing.

His charming personality, apart from his talents, has won for Father Tabb friends without limit, and the affection of the entire student body of the novitiate, who sympathize profoundly with the venerable priest because of the severe trial that has befallen him.

The Windroth Club, of St. Mary's Church, and German Catholics from every section of the District have planned a barbecue for the celebration of German Day at Benning, D. C., August 17.

Arrangements for the celebration of children and family parties spending the day at the grounds.

The publication by Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C. Ph. D., entitled "The Catholic School System in the United States," will appeal to members of all teaching orders and to educators in general.

Washingtonians naturally take a personal interest in the work. The intention of the writer is to exhibit through his book "a coherent view of the Catholic school movement in the United States from the earliest times down to the present immigration period, which began about the year 1850."

The characteristic feature of the movement during all this time was the steady effort to build and equip schools, pro-

PRESBYTERIAN.

THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, Connecticut Ave. N. and 18th Sts. Rev. Charles Wood, D. D., pastor. Rev. James M. Henry will officiate to-morrow at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor meeting at 7 p. m.

BAPTIST.

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH, 12th and N Sts. Dr. J. J. Murr, pastor. Preaching, 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. Two Resurrections. S. S., 9:30 a. m. C. E., 7 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 12th and G Sts. N. W. Samuel H. Woodrow, D. D., pastor. 11 a. m., public worship, with sermon by Rev. David L. Yale, of Endicott, Conn.; music by quartet and chorale choir. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school. 7 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E.

MT. PLEASANT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Columbia road and 14th Sts. N. W. Rev. M. Ross Flannery, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school. 11 a. m., reception of members and Lord's Supper; sermon by the pastor; subject, "The Figure on the Shore." 7:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor meeting. No other service.

CHRISTIAN.

VERMONT AVE. CHURCH. Service with sermon at 7:30 a. m. Friday, June 26, at 8 a. m. by Mr. T. H. Jones. Y. P. C. U., 7:30 p. m. All cordially welcome.

UNIVERSALIST.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, 12th and L Sts. N. W. Rev. J. H. Jones, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Mr. T. H. Jones. Y. P. C. U., 7:30 p. m. All cordially welcome.

OTHER SERVICES.

BREMAN BIBLE CLASS EVERY SUNDAY service at 7:30 a. m. Friday, June 26, at 8 a. m. by Mr. T. H. Jones. Y. P. C. U., 7:30 p. m. All cordially welcome.

Subject: "TRUTH." Sunday school, 11 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 o'clock. Public cordially invited. All seats free. Free reading room, 61 Columbia Bldg.

SOME LIFE STUDIES.

By JAMES HUGH KELLEY EVERY SUNDAY. 4 p. m., 230 East Capitol St. Subject, July 26, "Meaning of human brotherhood." Large, comfortable rooms. Good patronage. \$1.00 seat.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTES.

In honor of St. James the Apostle, whose feast is celebrated by the Catholic Church to-day, high mass, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, will be sung in St. Mary's German Church at 8 o'clock this morning.

The feast of St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, will be commemorated to-morrow.

Solemn observance of the patronal feast, at St. Ann's Church, Tenallytown, has been postponed until the fall.

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